

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THE MEASURE OF LOVE

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves."—II Cor. 13: 5.

It seems impossible to describe *Love*, this wonderful quality without which nothing is acceptable in the sight of God! The Apostle does not attempt to define Love, but contents himself with giving us some of its manifestations. Love, like life and light, is difficult to define; and our best endeavors to comprehend it are along the lines of its effects. It is of *God*; it is *God-likeness* in the heart, in the tongue, in the hands, in the thoughts—supervising all the human attributes and seeking to control them.

In the Christian an outward manifestation of amiability, meekness, gentleness, patience, etc., is not sufficient, either in God's sight or in his own. These graces must be produced by the spirit of Love, filling and expanding within his own heart. Many of the graces of the Spirit are imitated as marks of good breeding, and in many cases are successfully worn as a cloak or mask, covering hearts and sentiments wholly antagonistic to the holy spirit of Love.

The measure of our appreciation of Divine Love will be the measure of our zeal in conforming our characters to the Divine pattern. A naturally rough, uncouth, depraved disposition may require a long time, after the grace of Divine Love enters the heart, before that grace is manifested in all the thoughts and words and acts of the outward man. Others, on the contrary, of more gentle birth and cultured training, may, without the grace of God within, have many of the outward refinements. None but He who reads the heart is competent, therefore, to judge as to who have and who have not received this grace, and of the degree of its development in their hearts.

What a wonderful test this is! The Apostle Paul counsels, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves." Let us

each apply the test to himself: Whether I am something or nothing in God's estimation is to be measured by my love for Him, for His brethren, for His cause, for the world in general, and even for my enemies."

Having given us such a conception of the importance of Love, the Apostle proceeds to describe what it is and what it is not—how it operates and how it does not operate, or conduct itself. Let us each make a practical application of the matter to himself and inquire within:

Have I such a love as leads me to *suffer considerably* and *for a long time*, and yet be *kind*? Am I patient with the weaknesses and imperfections of those who give any evidence of good intentions? Am I kind in my methods, seeking to guard my manner and my tones, knowing that they have much to do with every affair of life? Have I this mark of Love pervading my actions and words and thoughts? Do I think of and am I considerate of others? Do I feel and manifest kindness toward them in word, in look, in act? A Christian, above all others, should be kind, courteous, gentle in the home, in his place of business, in the church—everywhere. In proportion as perfect Love is attained the constant effort of the heart will be to have every word and act, like the thought which prompts them, full of patience and kindness.

Have I the Love that "*envieth not*," the Love that is generous, so that I can see others prosper and rejoice in their prosperity, even if, for a time, my own affairs be not so prosperous? This is true generosity, the very reverse of jealousy and envy, which spring from a perverted nature. The root of envy is selfishness; *envy will not grow upon the root of Love*.

Have I the Love that is humble, that "*vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up*," the Love that tends to modesty, that is not boastful, not lifted up? Have I the Love that would prompt to good deeds, not to be seen of men, but that would do the same if no one saw or knew but God only?

that boasts neither of its knowledge nor of its graces, but in humility acknowledges that every good and perfect gift comes from the Father? And do I make return to Him in Love and service for every mercy?

Have I the Love which is courteous, "*doth not behave itself unseemly*"? Politeness has been defined as Love in trifles; courtesy as Love in little things. The secret of politeness is either surface polishing or love in the heart. As Christians we are to have the heart-love which will prompt us to acts of kindness and courtesy, not only in the household of faith, but in our homes and in our dealings with the world.

Have I the Love which is unselfish, which "seeketh not her own" interests exclusively, which might even be willing to let some of her own rights be sacrificed in the interests of others? To have Love in this particular means that we will be on guard against taking any unjust advantage of others, and will prefer rather to suffer a wrong than to do a wrong; to suffer an injustice than to do an injustice.

Have I the Love which is good-tempered, "*not easily provoked*" to anger—Love that enables me to see both sides of a question, that gives me the spirit of a sound mind, which enables me to perceive that exasperation and violent anger are not only unbecoming, but, worse than that, injurious to those toward whom they may be directed, and also injurious in their effect upon my own heart and body?

Have I the spirit of Love which "*thinketh no evil*," which is guileless, not suspicious of evil or looking for faults in others, not attributing to them evil motives? Have I the Love which seeks always to interpret the conduct of others charitably, to make all possible allowance for errors in judgment rather than to impugn the motives of the heart? Perfect Love is good-intentioned itself; it prefers and, so far as possible, endeavors to view the words and conduct of others from the same standpoint.

Have I the Love that is sincere, that "*rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth*"? Are the principles of right and wrong so firmly fixed in my mind, and am I so thoroughly in accord with right, and so out of harmony with the wrong, that I am grieved with evils wherever encountered and sympathize with all who fall into evil or who are beset with temptations? The least suggestion of rejoicing at the fall of any person or thing that in any degree represents righteousness or goodness is to be deplored and overcome. Perfect "Love rejoiceth not in iniquity" under any circumstances or conditions, and would have no sympathy but only sorrow in the fall of another, even if it should mean his own advancement.

However profitable error might be, Love could take no part in it and could not desire the reward

of evil. But it does take pleasure in the truth—truth upon every subject, and especially in the truth of Divine revelation, however unpopular the truth may be.

Have I the Love that "*believeth all things*," that would rather believe good than evil about everybody? that would take no pleasure in hearing evil, but would be disposed to resent it? Perfect Love is not suspicious, but is, on the contrary, disposed to be trustful. It acts on the principle that it is better, if necessary, to be deceived a hundred times than to go through life soured by a suspicious mind—far better than to accuse or suspicion even one person unjustly. This is the merciful disposition, as applied to thoughts; and of it the Master said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." The unmerciful, evil-thinking mind is father to unmerciful conduct toward others.

Have I the Love that "*hopeth all things*," that perseveres under unfavorable conditions, and continues to hope for and to labor for those who need my assistance? Have I the Love that "*endureth all things*," that continues to hope for the best in regard to all and to strive for the best, and that with perseverance? *Perfect Love is not easily discouraged*. This is the secret of Love's perseverance: having learned of God, *it trusts in Him* and hopes undismayed for the fulfillment of His gracious covenant, however dark the immediate surroundings. Love's hopefulness know no despair, for its anchorage enters into that which is beyond the veil, and is firmly fastened to the Rock of Ages.

Let us, with all our getting, get Love—not merely in word but in deed and in truth. All else sought and gained will be but loss and dross unless, with all, we secure Love!—*Selected*.

THE OMNIPRESENT CHRIST

We may not climb the heavenly steep

To bring the Lord Christ down;

In vain we search the lowest deeps,

For Him no depths can drown.

* * * * *

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet

A present help is He;

And faith has still its Olivet,

And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress

Is by our beds of pain;

We touch Him in life's throng and press,

And we are whole again.

* * * * *

O Lord and Master of us all!

Whate'er our name or sign,

We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,

We test our lives by Thine.

—Whittier.

OUR GIFTS

I WONDER if within our hearts we still
 Have kept the story of the Babe
 Of Bethlehem—
 A little Child for whom there was no room,
 And yet—
 God's precious Gift to men—proof of
 His love.
 The watching shepherds heard the angels' song,
 And, humble-hearted, went to David's City,
 To the Babe
 Whose cradle was a manger, and gave thanks to
 God:
 The Magi, searchers for the Truth,
 And seeking it among the stars,
 Brought gifts of gold and frankincense and
 myrrh,
 And worshipped Him.
 But, in the inn close by
 The pilgrims paid no heed.
 There had been rumors of a King to come,
 To rule in might,
 To cast the Roman Emperor from his throne,
 An earthly King of Israel.
 But, He came—
 And they received Him not:
 For they were blind and dull of hearing.
 In the world today
 Are little ones for whom no room is found:
 Yet they are close unto the heart of God.
 The Babe of Bethlehem is honored now
 In story and in song: o'er all the earth
 Men hail Him as their King
 On Christmas Day.
 What gifts are ours to bring?
 Across the years He speaks—
 Oh, hearken!
 "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of
 these
 Ye did it unto Me."
 Gold of our Love—a little one made glad
 On Christmas Day, by gift of that
 For which his childish heart has longed.
 Frankincense of Devotion—
 A little life enfolded in the tenderness of love,
 For lack of which it starves and dies.
 Myrrh of Love's Sacrifice—
 Time, money, self, the truest gift of all!
 But if one child be happier, if to him
 We bring the message of the Babe of Bethlehem,
 God's Gift—
 We have the blessing of the Prince of Peace,
 Emmanuel:
 And so we keep real Christmas in our hearts.
 —Contributed.

A SMILE is understood in every language.

SELF-STARTING is important, but self-control
 is imperative.

CHRISTMAS

WITH the morn
 There cometh gladness.
 Christmas mirth
 O'er the earth
 Lifts the veil of sadness.
 Joy is ours.
 Oh! friends, remember,
 He who sings
 With him brings
 Sunshine in December.

—Selected.

WE pray that there may come down upon us
 this day the spirit of peace and gentleness and
 goodwill. May the beautiful influences of this
 season so come into our lives that we shall be
 full of desire for holiness, and strive to make the
 world better because we live in it. So let it be,
 that thus Thy kingdom shall come in all hearts.
 Amen.

—Selected.

"WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
 The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
 And voices chanted clear and sweet,
 "Today the Prince of Peace is born."

'Tis nineteen hundred years and more
 Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
 We wait for him like them of yore;
 Alas! he seems so slow to come!

All round about our feet shall shine
 A light like that the wise men saw,
 If we our willing hearts incline
 To that sweet Life which is the Law.

For they who to their childhood cling,
 And keep their natures fresh as morn,
 Once more shall hear the angels sing,
 "Today the Prince of Peace is born."

—J. R. Lowell.

THE voices of Christmas appeal to us once
 again. They tell us all that we are travelling
 on, faster than we thought perhaps. They say
 that it is well, therefore, to take this special
 occasion of opening up the treasure chest, un-
 locking the secret of long-hoarded affection, and
 pouring out our heart's best meanings in what-
 ever actual words and deeds we can. They bid
 us be at peace, one with another. . . . They
 call us very close to One whom years cannot sever
 from the hearts that love him, and they bid us
 be of good cheer when we rise again from our
 temporary halting-place, and follow the star
 that shall guide us, on and on, beyond all these
 shadows, into the Light.—W. G. Tarrant.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. Anliza S. Tyson, Box 251, Ansonville, N. C., would appreciate light reading for her two daughters, 15 and 17 years old, also bits of sewing and thread for herself.

2. I am a shut-in, 60 years old. If not asking too much, I would like some good reading and quilt pieces to help pass the lonely hours. Mrs. L. W. Wallace, Konnarock, Va.

3. I am a mother of eight children, and live in quite a remote place. I would be very grateful for quilt pieces, books and magazines. Mrs. Henly R. Martin, Sandidges, Va., care of B. B. Harris.

4. Mrs. G. R. Harper, Republican Grove, Va., R. F. D., would like a few good books or magazines, also quilt scraps.

5. I am writing to thank the friends for the nice things they have sent me, and hope to be remembered this winter, too. J. P. Flody, R. F. D. 4, Marshville, N. C.

6. Mrs. Mary Moran, Erect, N. C., would love to have a correspondent, as she is not well and is very lonely. She would appreciate so much quilt pieces, thread, and reading, especially the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Reference: Rev. Z. B. Crouch, Erect, N. C.

7. Miss Enza Neese, Grassy Creek, N. C.,

R. 2, is a cripple, who would enjoy light reading and sewing material.

8. I am a crippled girl, 19 years old, living far out in the country where there isn't much to interest anyone. I would greatly appreciate some embroidery work and quilt scraps. I would gladly share with other poor children, whatever books I receive if someone will send them to me. Miss Mersy M. Testerman, R. 1, Box 84, Rugby, Va.

9. As I have not been able to walk since childhood, I enjoy letters and also used postage stamps for my collection; also to hear from collectors, for I like to exchange stamps. I like to knit when I cannot do more, so could use scraps of yarn to knit children's mittens.

As my mother is old now and very lame, she enjoys and shares any cheer with me. Alma Appleton Newcomb, South Brewer, Me.

10. Mrs. G. N. Blevins, Kay Moor, Box 21, W. Va., has not heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends for a long time. She has four children now, three girls and one boy. She gets lonesome for some books and magazines.

11. Mrs. O. E. Wann, R. 4, Wills Point, Texas, would appreciate the *Ladies Home Journal*, *Woman's Home Companion* or *Good Housekeeping*. She hopes they will be remembered.

12. I would be very glad of a correspondent. It has been a long while since I have heard from anyone. I am back in school this year, in the junior year. Miss Bernice Mark, P. O. Box 264, Ansonville, N. C.

13. Mrs. Ida Smith, Epperson, Tenn., would like to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. She is not well and is very lonesome.

14. I am 55 years old and live all by myself, and get very lonesome. I would appreciate a good book or magazine, also any kind of quilt pieces. I would like to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Mrs. Roxie L. Thompson, Inman, S. C.

15. Mrs. C. C. McDonald, Chillicothe, R. 4, Box 4B, Texas, has six children: three boys, 16, 11, 6; girls 10, and twins 3 years old. Her husband is crippled and unable to do much. She would enjoy some quilt pieces and thread.

16. I have not heard from anybody for a long time, and I would like to be remembered by the *Cheerful Letter* friends with magazines and quilt scraps. Reading for the children would be welcome. Mrs. W. M. Dotson, R. 4, Dayton, Tenn.

17. Mrs. Mary Hodges, Copeland, Ark., lives far from schools and churches. She would like Sunday School cards and papers for the children, also quilt pieces and reading matter for herself.

18. I would be very glad to receive any of the back numbers of "The Readers Digest Association," especially the July, 1929, number. I want to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends who have remembered me in the past. The books and magazines have meant so much to me, and to those who have shared them with me. Mrs. L. L. Lyon, Box 54, Kelford, N. C.

19. Mrs. G. R. Stike, Crumpler, N. C., hopes to be remembered this winter with books, magazines and bits of sewing.

20. Mrs. Laura Pennington, Rugby, Va., hasn't heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends in a long time. Her husband has passed away recently, and she is very lonesome. She would appreciate any cheer sent to her and her daughter.

21. Mrs. S. M. Lively, Newport, Jackson Co., Arkansas, lost her blind daughter last August. She is turning to the *Cheerful Letter* for comfort and cheer. She would enjoy letters or packages of pieces and thread. She is 76 years old.

22. I would enjoy some light reading and some old phonograph records. I get very lonesome, and would love to correspond with someone. Mrs. Mary Parkhill, Garnet Street, Gainesville, Texas.

23. Mrs. Jewell Fleming, 2014 Front Street, Amarillo, Texas, would enjoy some light reading, embroidery, and quilt pieces. She has three children, a boy 8, a girl 4, and the baby, 3 years old. The baby has been very ill.

24. I seldom get out during the winter, and the time seems very long and lonely. If anyone has the books, "When Dark Clouds Gather" and "Falsely Accused" by Geraldine Fleming, also a first reader for my ten-year-old son, I would appreciate them very much. A few quilt pieces and embroidery thread would be gratefully received. Mrs. M. H. Coleman, R. F. D. 1, Critz, Va.

25. I am a widow with a little boy, 6 years old, living with my mother-in-law, Mrs. Joe Dotson. I am just learning to use crutches after having been in the hospital for seven months with rheumatism. I would enjoy light reading and quilt scraps. Mrs. Reva Woody, R. 4, Dayton, Tenn., care of Joe Dotson.

26. Mrs. Callie Eldreth, R. 1, Box 6, Clifton, N. C., sends thanks for the nice reading and sewing material sent her, and hopes that the *Cheerful Letter* friends will not forget her this winter.

27. I have been a shut-in with a new baby boy, and Grandma does not improve any. She has been helpless for nearly two years. I would enjoy any bit of cheer sent me, and send many thanks for past kindnesses. Mrs. Zenna Blevins, Helton, N. C.

28. Mrs. Florence Shepherd, Clifton, N. C., R. 1, Box 6, writes that her husband left her and went out West 17 months ago, leaving her with two children, 3 years and 11 months old. She would love to receive some books to read this winter.

29. Mrs. Sam Blair, Sandy Level, Va., would be happy to receive some books and sewing material from the *Cheerful Letter* friends.

30. Mrs. Hazel Watson, Copeland, Ark., would appreciate quilt pieces, thread, also books and magazines or house plants. Her daughters Alice and Enid would enjoy a correspondent.

31. I live far from town, and hardly ever see anyone. I am 19 years old, have two children aged 2 years and three months. I suffer greatly from rheumatism. My husband and myself would enjoy light reading. I would enjoy a correspondent, also. Mrs. Blanche Eldreth, Lansing, N. C.

32. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I do hope I am not forgotten. I would appreciate flower bulbs. I am a lover of flowers, but not able to buy them. I would welcome quilt pieces and embroidery. Mrs. W. B. Thompson, Unionville, Va.

33. Mrs. J. Murphy, R. 2, Box 24, Coolidge, Va., is very grateful for the cheer the *Cheerful Letter* friends have sent her. She would be pleased to receive reading, quilt pieces and embroidery patterns.

34. I have not been able to do much writing or sewing all summer, but now, with winter

around the corner, would like to be remembered with quilt pieces, also stamps and stationery. If Mrs. Robert Marsh sees this, will she please write to me? I wrote to her, but have forgotten her address. Mrs. Martha Borcharding, Highmore, S. Dak.

35. Mrs. A. W. Wagg, Mouth of Wilson, Va., is a widow, 75 years old. She has three orphaned grandchildren to care for. She would like to receive some letters from the friends to cheer her. Crochet thread, embroidery or cotton thread would be very welcome.

36. I would appreciate some story books for my little boy, 8 years old. I enjoy good reading, also sewing. Mrs. Effie Ball, Powderly, Ky.

37. Mrs. Jane Walters, R. 2, Marshville, N. C., wishes that someone would correspond with her. She is 68 years old and very lonely. She would be glad to receive reading or quilt pieces.

38. I am still teaching my little mountain school, and will be grateful, indeed, for books or magazines for our school library. I would be very glad to have "The Normal Instructor" for schoolroom use. I deeply appreciate the books sent us, and thank every one that has ever sent any. Mrs. Nora C. Howell, Boomer, N. C.

39. Miss Pearl Eldreth, Lansing, N. C., is a shut-in, 25 years old. She would appreciate a correspondent, also sewing material.

40. Mrs. Ellen Williams, Gary, W. Va., wants to thank all who have sent her magazines and quilt pieces, and wishes we could see her new quilt. Her baby is a boy, 2 years old now. She would like to be remembered by all.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Mary Steele, mother of Mrs. Alice Hopps, Long Island, Kansas. She has been on our list for thirty-five years.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

1. Mrs. Lucinda Pruett, from Vigo Park, Texas, to Plainview, R. 1, Box 109, Texas.

2. Mrs. Fred Thomas, from Jefferson, S. C., to 220 W. Morgan Street, Wadesboro, N. C.

3. Mrs. Kate Powers, from Brandon, N. C., to Lansing, N. C.

4. Mrs. S. M. Lively, from Copeland, Ark., to Newport, Jackson Co., Ark.

5. Mrs. J. R. West, Marytown, McDowell Co., W. Va.

6. Mrs. Ellen Williams, from Hensley, W. Va., to Gary, W. Va.

LITTLE Molly had disobeyed her mother. Taking the child upon her lap, the mother said: "It makes me feel so badly when I think how naughty you were. Every time I think of it I feel so badly."

Looking up sweetly into her mother's face Molly said, "Mamma, don't think about it so much and you won't feel so badly."

THE DESERT ORCHARDS

THE orchards of the Southwest are of great interest to the traveler, and in the semi-arid sections they make a memorable picture. Trees like these are not the gnarled, neglected growth one might expect to find in waste places, but carefully tended orchards watered from wells or from an intricate system of irrigation by means of pipes and ditches.

It is true that the desert orchards often consist of little, low trees with interlaced branches which, from a distance, look like a nomadic tribe camping in a friendly group far out in the sunny sand. The sturdy trees seem to wave above the level plain with an air of happy nonchalance. When all the drab, surrounding country is hot and dry, there is shade, coolness, and moisture in a desert orchard.

Prickly hedges may encircle these green oases; barbed wire may be stretched around the trees in order to keep out the herds of cattle and the bands of sheep as they pass by in a blur of desert dust; fine-meshed wire may keep out inquisitive little cotton-tail rabbits, but nothing can keep the birds from desert trees. Here the mocker builds his nest and trills his gay song through the long bright days and even through the radiant moonlit nights. Migratory birds pause in their long flight and rest among the fruit trees. If the mulberries are ripe, or the luscious purple figs, or the red-cheeked apricots, there is much sampling of the sweet fruit by the birds to the accompaniment of cheerful twitterings. Thrushes and finches dart among the branches, often alighting in topmost branches to pour forth songs of amazing sweetness. Red-winged blackbirds and gaudy orioles flit against the brown trunks and branches. The California quail is a frequent visitor, and he enjoys leading his crested flock over the soft soil.

Desert blossoms have a rare beauty, and arid land fruit has a distinctive flavor. A scarlet pomegranate flower appears all the more vivid when plucked from a dusty hedge growing beside an irrigation ditch. A battered tin pail filled with early mellow peaches gathered from desert trees by deft brown fingers and proffered with a shy smile, is always an acceptable gift. Surprisingly sweet are these juicy, soft green peaches covered with down. What odd shapes they have! Slightly flattened and concave, the desert people know them as "saucer peaches."

O fragrant green sanctuary in a desolate waste!—*Selected.*

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you, in a book, or a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts, the eternal thought speaking in your thought.

—George Macdonald.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Creamed Cauliflower.—Cut the stalk and all leaves from a small, firm, white head of cauliflower and soak, head down, in cold salted water at least 30 minutes. Remove any scum before draining the cauliflower. Boil steadily, until it is tender, in water that just covers the head. Cook uncovered and add no salt if it is desired that the vegetable should be as white as possible when done. Use only one-half of the head for creamed cauliflower for two persons, keeping the rest in the refrigerator to serve later as a salad or escalloped. Cut the half into two pieces, or separate into flowerettes, and pour over a cream sauce made by melting one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and blending with it one tablespoonful of flour, $\frac{1}{8}$ of a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. When the mixture is frothy, pour in gradually, stirring constantly, $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cupful of milk. Stir constantly until the sauce is thick and smooth, add the cauliflower and cook until that is well heated through. Serve very hot.

Dutch Apple Pie.—Line a small deep pan with plain pastry and fill it with tart apples peeled, cored and quartered. Sprinkle generously with sugar and cinnamon and dot well with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until the apples are nearly done, then pour over them about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cupful of cream and finish baking. Cool and serve. The cream may be omitted, but it makes a most delicious pie.

French Fried Potatoes.—Cut peeled raw potatoes into wedge-shaped pieces, long strips, thick or thin, as desired. Or latticed potatoes may be prepared, or potato curls, with special cutters that are very inexpensive. Drop the pieces into cold water and leave them for 30 minutes; drain, wipe dry and drop them into hot fat. Medium-sized pieces will require about $4\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to cook. Drain on absorbent paper, sprinkle with salt and serve immediately. If they stand they may become soggy as well as cold.

Mixed Soup Vegetables.—Soup vegetables can be prepared in advance, using any combination which the family likes. Cut up the vegetables, fill into jars and process for the longest period required for any separate vegetable in the mixture. At time of serving add to either canned or fresh stock. Heat to boiling and serve.

Diced carrots and turnips with green corn or lima beans make a good jardinière. Okra, tomatoes and onions sliced small and canned together can be added to veal or chicken stock for a creole soup. The plain family soup of mixed vegetables can be varied almost indefinitely.

Veal Cutlets.—Cut veal steak about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick into pieces the size of cutlets. Dip in

bread crumbs, beaten egg diluted with one tablespoonful of cold water, then in crumbs again. Melt in a saucepan one tablespoonful each of butter and lard and brown the cutlets on both sides, taking care not to scorch. Pour over a brown sauce and leave to simmer about an hour, or until the meat is very tender. Occasionally add a little water if necessary. There should be about two tablespoonfuls of the sauce to be poured over each portion of potato when the dinner is served.

Brown Sauce for Cutlets.—In a small pan melt one teaspoonful of butter, and brown in it $\frac{1}{2}$ of a tablespoonful of flour. Remove from the fire, add a little liquid from $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of stock or water and blend well; add the rest of the liquid and boil one minute to get a smooth sauce. Add $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful of salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

HANDY HINTS

To remove the smell after onions have been fried, pour a little vinegar into the frying pan and let it get hot.

To remove old tea stains, wet the spot with glycerine and let stand three hours or more, then wash with cold water and soap.

To clean discolored enamel ware, rub with a paste formed of coarse salt and vinegar.

When putting a dish directly on ice, place a fruit jar rubber under it; it will stick to both ice and dish and prevent sliding off.

When the hands begin to feel “puckered up” after long washing in soapsuds, rubbing them with vinegar or lemon juice will give relief, make them soft and white and prevent chapping.

To polish a faucet, nothing is better than half a lemon after the juice has been squeezed out. After scouring, wash it and polish with soft, dry cloth; it will shine like new. An orange peel also gives good results.

HOUSE BLESSING

BLESS the four corners of this house,
And be the lintel blest;
And bless the hearth, and bless the board,
And bless each place of rest;
And bless the door that opens wide
To stranger, as to kin;
And bless each crystal windowpane
That lets the starlight in;
And bless the roof-tree overhead,
And every sturdy wall;
The peace of God, the peace of man,
The peace of love, on all.

—Arthur Guiterman.

HE that would live at peace and rest,
Must hear and see and say the best.

—Selected.

HOME MAKING

POETRY has the power to take the common experiences of daily life and create of them symbols of love and beauty.

Daily our homes offer us sights of which poets have sung, and which have offered inspiration to artists over and over again, but which we pass unheeded because their significance has been lost to us by their very familiarity.

I have for a long time been very grateful to some poet for calling my attention to these "dear familiar" sights, and have tried unsuccessfully to ascertain the name of the author of the lines. I clipped them from a newspaper; they were unsigned. I quote them here, hoping that they will help others as they have helped me, and that possibly some reader may be able to tell me who wrote them.

"Just living, day by day, with eyes that fall
In mute content on simple, home-sweet things;
The ember-glow that reddens on the wall,
The homing swerve of friendly, April wings,
Cloud-shadows dappled dark on field and hill,
Gray dusk that folds a golden window pane,
A kitchen's ordered comfort, warm and still,
Blown twigs through silver lattices of rain."

Surely "simple, home-sweet things" will take on for us an added charm when seen as "ordered comfort, warm and still," and we will see silver lattices clearly outlined in every shower. Edna St. Vincent Millay has called our attention to the fact that these lattices may be seen after the shower has passed, when she mentions "trees raining after the rain is gone."

In the same way we sometimes fail to hear sounds which create the music of the universe. The murmur and rhythm of daily routine and repetition as familiar tasks are performed or commonplace events occur; the universal rhythm which has been compared to the sound which the planets make on their rhythmic course across the heavens, and which our unknown poet has brought to our attention in the second verse of the poem:

"Just living, day by day, with ears that hear
The hidden music of the commonplace;
The kettle's song, small hands upon the latch,
A baby's chuckle through a twilight space,
Rain on the roof, the first waked bird at dawn,
Fire-murmurings through orange shadowsblent,
A robin's note across a sunset lawn,
Spring hylas' trill from greenling alder tent."

The lives of home makers are, for the most part, made up of uneventful happenings, significant only as they create contentment and justified always by the manner in which they are accepted and glorified.

Appreciation of the "hidden music of the

commonplace" is strengthened for many by poetry, for others by music, color, conversation, and for most of us by all the values that come to us through a conscious understanding of what is worth while.

Occasionally the viewpoint of someone who is not a home maker will serve to give us a new vision of our own blessings. Since this article deals with poetry, we may gain that vision from the poem in which Padraic Colum tells how "An Old Woman of the Roads" feels about a home:

"Oh, to have a little house!

To own the hearth and stool and all!

The heaped-up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

"To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!

A dresser filled with shining delf,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

"I could be busy all the day

Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store.

"I could be quiet there at night

Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave

The ticking clock and the shining delf."

—*Christian Science Monitor*.

GOOD HEALTH NOTES

"We should take national stock of the progress and present situation in the health and protection of childhood."—*President Hoover*.

* * *

FROM ANTIOCH—NOTES

He who has won social and economic security wishes to insure those gains to his children. If he tries to endow them with vested interests, to protect them against the competition of abler persons, he creates social resentment and insecurity. . . . We can leave our children no safer or better heritage than a society in which there is Fair Play. . . . With what shall we equip our children in order that they may profit by our fight to gain a foothold in life? If we build great fortunes, our children may be wasted by them; if we gain places in "the best society," the round of social demands may dissipate their lives; if we rely on intellectual growth, our disillusioned prodigies may destroy themselves or become dilettantes; when we protect them from our hardships, they grow soft. We are baffled that the goods we strove so hard for often turn to ashes when we try to pass them on. Yet our dilemma is not hopeless. If we will take stock

of values, and are willing to *pay* the price, we can, to a considerable degree, transmit *good* and not *handicaps* to our children.

Though parents live largely for their children, in the very intensity of their efforts sometimes they give all their attention to a few problems and forget others, with disastrous results. The first rule of life, of all rules perhaps most frequently broken, is to keep our *larger purposes* clearly in mind, and day by day to determine whether the day's work and the year's plans are in line with those purposes. In our desire to do this with reference to our children, can we outline the elements of inheritance which would be most valuable for them?

* * *

A DESIRABLE HERITAGE

1. A good biological inheritance . . . is influenced by one's choice of a mate.

2. Good health and health habits, promoted by clean living in the parents, by wholesome example, by good teaching, and by good diet and early care.

3. A suitable social setting in which children may meet and be influenced by associates of good intelligence, good character, and good breeding; and where chances are favorable for finding life associates and mates of their own calibre and character.

4. A hardening or tempering of character so that our children may rightly estimate their tried and disciplined powers, and judge wisely the nature of difficulties and opportunities.

5. Energy, enthusiasm, patience, and aspiration which will supply the sustained drive for making life significant.

* * *

"THE PARENT'S LIFE IS THE CHILD'S COPY-BOOK"

Thomas A. Edison, whose 82nd birthday has recently been celebrated throughout the United States, knows the value of culture. "Music, next to religion, is the mind's greatest solace, and also its greatest inspiration. When you attempt to raise existence to a higher plane, you must nourish the brain as well as the body. The man who disparages music as a luxury and *nonessential* is doing the nation an injury."

* * *

We trust all homes, schools and civic centers equipped with radio are making use of the delightful musical appreciation hours on Friday mornings, conducted by Walter Damrosch.

* * *

Another musician tells us never to "teach" a child to sing—but to *let* him sing as much as he wants. Also—"never to judge a voice by anything but *quality*."

A. G. Janpolski, director of Community Singing, says, "Group singing aids a Nation's Morale." In the small country of Wales, noted for its solidarity, there are 90,000 singing persons out of a population of 2,500,000, while in the United States, with more than 115,000,000, only 15,000 to 20,000 persons are organized for singing. Group singing, according to Mr. Janpolski, provides a "spiritual, mental and physical stimulus," and its benefits are "immeasurable." "A feeling of brotherhood, of good fellowship, is one of the first results of community singing, followed by improved morals, since music is an unfailing cure for both mental and physical indigestion."

* * *

THE CHILDREN'S FAIR

Thousands attended the Annual American Institute Children's Fair held for one week at the American Museum of Natural History, New York City. It is "designed to focus attention on the sciences and to foster a scientific interest in agriculture, gardening, nature-study and conservation." The School Nature League co-operated and L. W. Hutchins and Miss Marjorie Cordley Coit were in charge. There were eighty classes of exhibits, including gardens, biological specimens, home-made animal cages, chemistry in the home, and park and roadside conservation. About 250 individuals and 130 groups were entered, ranging in age from kindergarten age to high school students of eighteen. Prizes of \$10, \$5, and \$3 were awarded, thirty-nine of each class to the single contributors, and first, second, and third of \$40, \$20 and \$10 to thirty-three classes entered by groups. Airplanes were popular, while groups demonstrated plant and animal classroom exhibits. Bees, snakes, frogs, lizards, turtles, crayfish, chipmunks, guinea pigs, rabbits and chickens were among the animals shown, while such things as pear, plum and grape, tomatoes, Japanese radishes, black radishes, broom corn, hemp, flax and other grain, and herbs, as marjoram, bay leaves, mint, thyme and savory sage were shown. Such a variety is of special interest as being exhibited in a large city. Much of the produce was grown on a vacation farm run by the Brooklyn Park Department.

Laura R. Donnell.

"SIR!" said the woman to the proprietor of the bird shop, "last week you sold me a parrot and told me it could speak seven languages. I have had that parrot six days and he hasn't opened his mouth. What do you mean by selling me a bird like that? Do you realize I paid you good money for a parrot that could talk? And do you realize he hasn't opened his mouth yet and—"

"Madam," interrupted the proprietor, "give the poor bird a chance."—*Tit-bits*.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

SASHA, THE CLEVER WHITE CAT

A TRUE STORY

SASHA lived in a neat little white house with green shutters that stood close to an elm-shaded street in a beautiful New Brunswick town. She had lived there ever since she was a kitten, and this is the way it happened:

One sunny morning in early summer the eldest of the two sisters who lived there came to the back door of the little white house. There on the wide brick wall in a pool of dappled sunshine lay a frolicking kitten playing with the shadows of the leaves. The lady knew at once that it must have come from next door.

"Oh, you darling!" The lady picked the kitten up in her arms and gave it a delighted squeeze. Then she opened a gate that led into the next yard and stepped through the fence. A mother cat lay in the sunshine with four kittens playing around her.

"Aren't they cunning?" the lady greeted the neighbor, who was busy in her garden. "Tell me, are you going to give them away?"

"Yes, all but one; Tabby will want one to keep for her own," answered the neighbor. "We think they'll be big enough next week, and we want to find good homes for them before that."

"Then may I have this lovely white one? I like it best of all; every bit white except the black points on her ears."

"Certainly, I'll be glad to let you have it," replied the woman next door.

So the next week Sasha went to live in the white house and found it very interesting indeed. She had her own chair with a catnip cushion in a cozy place near the hall fire in winter and, in summer, by a window. The two ladies talked to her as if she understood everything, and let her play with their crochet or knitting balls as they worked. The window sills were wide and she often sat upon them to look down into the street, or she had only to mew at the door to be let in or out.

Now the two ladies had a large old-fashioned box gramophone that stood on a table at one side of the sittingroom. Sasha had many times looked at it in mild wonder, for often when she was purring herself into a comfortable doze, strange sounds came out of it which the ladies seemed to enjoy—voices, music, and once she had actually heard a dog bark! When the music was done the ladies closed the box to keep the dust out. Sasha did not cease to wonder, and one day there came a chance to find out.

It was in winter. A week of very cold weather had set in and the little white house, which was heated with wood stoves, had all it could do to keep warm. The ladies filled the hall stove with

large chunks of birch and maple before going to bed, and it burned all night. Early one morning one of the sisters rose and came down to replenish the stove. The sitting room door was open. The flourish of band music greeted her ears! What could that mean? She glanced in. There sat Sasha on the table beside the open gramophone, watching it whirl around, curiosity and wonder written on her face.

Some visitors had been in the night before and the ladies had retired late and left the cover lifted. Sasha awakened with the house to herself and, full of cats' quiet inquisitiveness, had jumped up on the table and begun touching the machine here and there with a gentle inquiring poke of her paw. Happening to push the starter, the turntable began to revolve and the music to play.

"So that is how it is done! Mistress, it is very odd. Tell me about this thing; I can't understand it at all," her look plainly said as she glanced up and met the lady's eyes.

She watched while her mistress turned it on and off slowly several times and then when she had closed the box and gone back to her room, Sasha jumped down and went over to her catnip cushion, where she curled up for another nap before breakfast, feeling that the mystery which had puzzled her so long was partly solved at last.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE MERRY WIND

THE wind is glad when winter comes;
He likes a frosty day,
And shoveling round the drifts of snow
He thinks is only play.

Up all around the chimney tops
I hear his big voice sing,
And down the street I hear him go,
Whistling like anything.

—*Eleanor Hammond.*

GOD'S WINTER WONDERS

THE SKY—AT NIGHT

It is black now, lighted with stars. They are not all lighted at once. One big one over our barn is lighted first, then the little ones are turned on; by and by they blaze out all over the sky. I wonder where the buttons are that are pressed.—*Selected.*

"I DISLIKE to disturb a good neighbor, but are you going to be using your tennis racquet this afternoon?"

"Sorry, old man, but I believe I will."

"That's quite all right. Then you won't be needing your lawn mower. Mine just got out of order."

THE MASTER WEAVER

SPIN cheerfully,

Not tearfully,

Though wearily you plod.

Spin carefully,

Spin prayerfully,

But leave the thread with God.

—Selected.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF SCHOOL

In a tiny backyard in one of the busiest parts of the city, Austin Egle, the youngest school-master in Sheffield, England, teaches his class of 30 or more boys and girls regularly every evening during the summer months. There, surrounded by high walls, and factories, and crowded cottages, this curly headed and merry little nine-year-old boy has, entirely by himself, founded a school in which he is the only teacher, and he has been so successful that the Lord Mayor of Sheffield has given him and his pupils a civic reception at the Town Hall exactly like that which the Duke and Duchess of York received when they visited the city.

It all began about three years ago when Austin started to teach his brother and sisters after school hours, using the kitchen wall of his home as a blackboard. Very soon others boys and girls began to come for lessons in subjects like arithmetic and geography, and to learn to sing songs and to recite poetry. In a short time Austin began to keep a register, in which he put the names and addresses and ages of his pupils. He has always insisted on their being punctual and working hard, and so the teachers in the elementary school which Austin attends during the day find that his pupils make really good progress and know much more than the children who are not in his class.

In fact, his pupils came on so fast that one day Austin thought they ought to have a certificate, like students in other schools; and that was really how he got his invitation to tea with the Lord Mayor. He asked his headmistress to show him a school certificate. Noticing at the bottom the name of the director of education, he said, "Who is this Percival Sharp?" On being told that Mr. Sharp was the man who looked after the education of children in Sheffield, Austin replied, "He doesn't know my children," crossed out the name, and put in his own instead. The Lord Mayor heard of this little incident, came down to Austin's day-school, talked to him about his plans, and invited him with all his pupils to tea at the Town Hall.

It was really a splendid function. The Lord Mayor was there, of course, and the Lady Mayor; and Austin's headmistress and four other teachers, and lastly Austin himself with his 34

pupils. The tea was served in the Lord Mayor's parlor, just as it is when royalty visits Sheffield, all the municipal silver was brought out, and hundreds of daffodils decorated the tables. Austin was very much impressed with the size of the parlor. "It's bigger than our kitchen at home," he said. "Our kitchen is only as big as that fireplace." But he was not at all nervous, and at the end of the tea he thanked the Lord Mayor on behalf of his pupils in a very nice little speech.

The Lord Mayor presented each of his guests with a book, and gave Austin himself a clean new register. The whole party was then conducted over the Town Hall, and in the council chamber Austin sat for a few moments in the municipal chair of state. The children were even taken out on to the balcony on which Princess Mary had stood when she came to Sheffield, and when they went home they took the daffodils with them.—

Christian Science Monitor.

THE language of Truth is unadorned and always simple.—*Ammianus Marcellinus.*

JUST FRIENDS

'TWOULD never do for God to live across the street,
Or in the house next door, where we should daily meet;
So in His wisdom and His love He sometimes sends
His angels kind to walk with us—we call them "friends."

Just friends—one word! But letters can express
A wealth of sympathy and pure unselfishness.
One syllable—a single breath can form it—
friends,
Yet O how much our happiness on them depends!

When trouble comes, or loss, when grief is ours to bear,
They come, our friends, with words of cheer, our load to share.
How could we face defeat without a friend's caress?
Had we no friend to praise, how bare would be success!

* * * * *

'Tis not God's plan that we shall see Him face to face,
Yet He would hedge us in with His abounding grace;
And so His messengers of love to earth He sends.
They're angels, but we know it not, and call them "friends."

—George H. Free.

THE ADIRONDACK SINGING SCHOOL

THE singing school was another improving diversion of young and old. It was taught by Merrill Crandall—a large man of about thirty—pompous, erect, dignified, with a long brown moustache. He had an impressive manner as he stood before the class of tenors, sopranos, altos and basses, his tuning-fork in his right hand, the singing book in the other. I used to wonder why he bit the tuning-fork and held it to his ear and murmured tunelessly:

“Do, me, sol, do.”

He gave the pitch, seized his ruler and rhythmically beat the air, first downward and to the left and right as he indicated the time, saying:

“One, two, three, ready, sing:”

Then the trouble began as everyone jumped aboard. I remember well the inane song accompanied by the movements of the ruler.

“Listen to the bird, and the maid and the humble bee

Tra-la-la-la-la! tra-la-la-la-la!

Joyfully we sing the gladsome melody

Tra la la la la.

Merrily and cheerily we roll along, roll along, roll along,

Merrily and cheerily we roll along.

Sing hey to the god of day.”

I used to wonder at the bravery of those people who were willing to stand up and make such a noise about rolling along. Why did they do it? What was the meaning of “tra” and “la” and what did it mean to sing “hey?” Was it because it was better than straw?—*Irving Bacheller, in “Coming Up the Road. Memories of a North Country Boyhood.”*

COMMIT thy way unto Jehovah;

Trust also in Him, and he will bring it to pass.

—*The Psalmist.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. H. A. STEVENS, *Chairman*

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. Two hundred and thirty-nine are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.